

ALMA

words and music by Tom Lehrer

The loveliest girl in Vienna
Was Alma --- the smartest as well.
Once you picked her up on your antenna,
You'd never be free of her spell.

Her lovers were many and varied
From the day she began her beguine.
There were three famous ones whom she married,
And God know how many between.

Alma, tell us, --- all modern women are jealous ---
Which of your magical wands
Got you Gustav and Walter and Franz?

The first one she married was Mahler,
Whose buddies all knew him as Gustav,
And each time he saw her he'd holler,
"Ach, dot is de fräulein I must have!"

Their marriage, however, was murder,
He'd scream to the heavens above,
"I'm writing 'Das Lied von der Erde,'
Und she only wants to make love!"

Alma, tell us, --- all modern women are jealous ---
You should have a statue in bronze
For bagging Gustav and Walter and Franz.

While married to Gus, she met Gropius,
And soon she was swinging with Walter.
Gus died, and her teardrops were copious.
She cried all the way to the altar.

But he would work late at the Bauhaus
And only came home now and then.
She said, "What am I running, a chow house?
It's time to change partners again."

Alma, tell us, --- all modern women are jealous ---
Though you didn't even use Ponds',
You got Gustav and Walter and Franz.

While married to Walt, she met Werfel,
And he too was caught in her net.
He married her, but he was carefel,
'Cause Alma was no Bernadette.

And that is the story of Alma,
Who knew how to receive and to give.
The body that reached her embalma
Was one that had known how to live.

Alma, tell us,
How can they help being jealous?
Ducks always envy the swans
Who get Gustav and Walter
You never did falter
With Gustav and Walter and Franz!